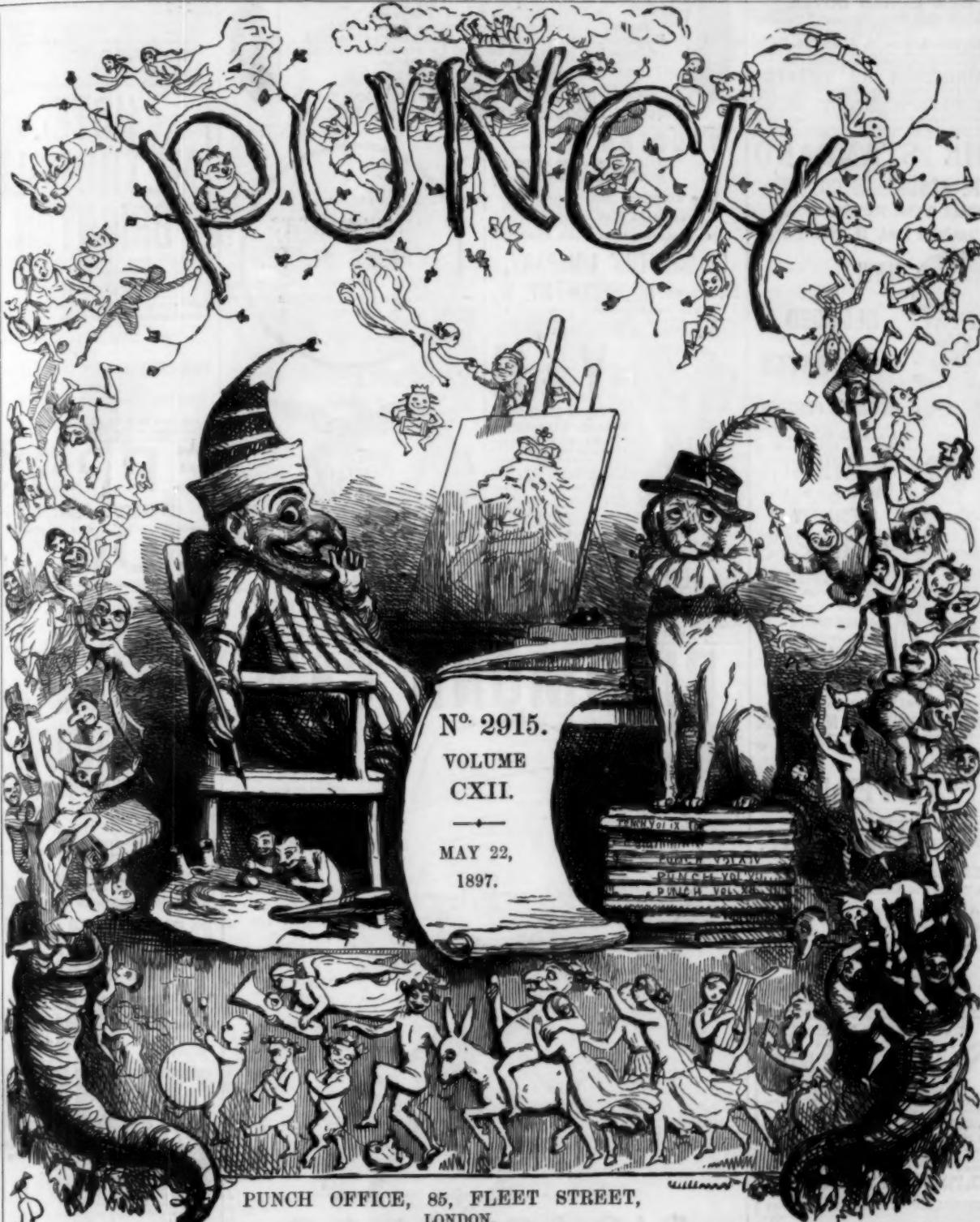


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SHAMEFUL PARSIMONY.

Thomas. "AND WOT D'YOU THINK 'ER LADYSHIP 'AD FROM THE DUCHESS FOR A WEDDING PRESENT? TWO SECOND-'AND CUPS AND SAUCERS!"

Jane. "LOR, MR. THOMAS! I DO THINK AS 'ER GRACE MIGHT 'AVE MADE OUT THE 'ARF-DOZEN!"

CHARITY AT HOME.

(Extract from the Diary of a Philanthropist.)

Monday.—Received an application from a Society for the Extension of Education amongst those most in need of it. Very proper scheme. Regard it with the heartiest approval. Seems old-established, too. Wonder why I have not heard of it before. The circular enlightens me. "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." I see. Well, will consider it with the others already forwarded.

Tuesday.—Appeal from the management of "The Self-Supporting Orphans." Good notion. When a baby is left destitute the organisation steps in and sets it up in business. Refer to appended documents, and discover that its foundation dates back several decades. Why have I been addressed after this neglect of years? Ah, to be sure, "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Pigeon-hole with the others.

Wednesday.—Another appeal! This time the lower creation attracts attention. "Home for Reclaimable Blackbeetles." Seems commendable. Idea to turn a pest into a blessing. Train blackbeetles to spin silk. Wonder why I have never heard of the scheme before. Founded, too, fifty years ago. Ah, I see, "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Appears to be common form. Circular is added to the rest.

Thursday.—Post brings in customary application. "Convalescent Home for the Healthy." I see. Not a bad idea. Prevention better than cure. If people are well, keep them so. Wonder why it has not been started before. It has. Founded early in the century. Why then address me at this late hour? Oh, I see, "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Added to the others.

Friday.—Postman with the usual batch. "Cinderellas for the Aged." Why not cheer the evenings of second childhood! Certainly, why not? The cheering seems to have been going on for some time. But why now address me? Ah, "Taking advantage

of the approaching auspicious occasion." I have heard the phrase before. Put away with the others.

Saturday.—Again they come. "Homes for the Affluent!" Argument, if the poor are looked after, why not the rich? Seems something in the idea. Circular proves that the charity is older than the century. Dear me. Wonder why I should have been addressed. Suppose they thought, "better late than never." Not exactly. "Taking advantage of the approaching auspicious occasion." Exactly.

Sunday.—Looking through my benevolent bequests for the past week. Plenty of them, and ninety-nine per cent. to "commemorate the approaching auspicious occasion." A little awkward! Hundreds of applications sent in. Can't attend to every suggestion. Invidious to make a selection. Perhaps the best thing to do, as I cannot subscribe to all, is, to give to none! Has the advantage of being economical!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OUIDA's latest novel, *The Massarenes* (SAMSON LOW & CO.), is, from every point of view, excellent. Since THACKERAY's immortal "Becky," there has not been drawn by any satirical writer a type so true to nature, to nature, that is, with its natural good almost obliterated, and its evil fully developed, as the *Lady Kenilworth* of this story, known in her family as "Mouse." THACKERAY's heroine in his "Novel without a hero" sprang from the people, and had to work her way upwards to position and fortune: OUIDA's heroine, on the other hand, is a patrician of patricians, lacking the true nobility of race, but a spoilt child, with an hereditary contempt for the *plebs*, a cultured sensualist with so powerful a hunger for money that no amount of wealth could appease, and with such a capacity for profligacy that millions cannot satisfy. The picture of her husband, "Cocky," son of the *Duke of Otterbourne*, as he lived and as he died, is drawn with great power; and the sketches of the very smartest of the most modern Smart Society are as true as they are intentionally caustic and disillusioning. There are three straightforward, virtuous persons in the *dramatis personæ*, and of these the first is the co-heroine, *Katherine Massarene*, who seems just a bit too hard to be quite lovable; yet is she well mated to the second *Lord Hurstmaneaux*, an admirably conceived character, just good enough to be true; while the third is the young Duke, a mere child, a splendid little fellow, worth a wilderness of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. The finish of the story is as artistic as is that of *Vanity Fair*, and to no work of fiction can a higher compliment be paid. The quite unnecessary introduction of an exalted personage is non-essential, and is decidedly an error; but it is the only one. Of this novel, as a photograph from life at high pressure in these last years of the nineteenth century, it may be truly said that, beyond interesting and amusing, it gives food for serious reflection. Is our time morally worse than that of the Tudors, the Stuarts, or of the Regency? More than ever is it essential to keep up "appearances," and to observe, most strictly, "*les convenances*"; then, these canons being obeyed, "Respectability," that "tribute which Vice pays to Virtue," is the note of Modern Society.

If OUIDA had required prototypes for her Modern Society characters she had only to turn to a book recently published by FISHER UNWIN, entitled, *Twelve Bad Women*, and from that compilation, excellently well done, with a moral to every narrative, she could have selected either *Lady Francis Howard*, who "flourished" between 1593 and 1632, or have taken as a model *Barbara Villiers*, Duchess of Cleveland (1640-1709), or *Alice Ferrers*, the favourite of *King Edward the Third*, to whom this amiable lady seems to have played the part of *Becky* to *Jos Sedley* in his declining years. It is a curious book, as morbidly interesting as a well-written Newgate Calendar; but it can only be recommended to the healthiest, and cannot with safety be given as a pass-time to an invalid who, himself blessed with a clear conscience, yet suffering from an evil liver, would scarcely be cheered or consoled by the example of such notorious "evil liars" as are those of whom he will read in this work.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

P.S.—Writing last week about *The Oxford Dictionary*, my Baronite, temporarily dazed with the erudition of the monumental work, attributed the editorship to Professor JOSEPH WRIGHT. That was Wrong. It is *The English Dialect Dictionary* Professor WRIGHT edited. The Editors of *The Oxford Dictionary* are Dr. JAMES MURRAY and HENRY BRADLEY.

PROSPECT FOR A NEW EQUESTRIAN STATUE.—The owner of this year's Derby favourite says, "If he wins he will have the horse's statue made in gold." If he loses, the statue shall be made all the same, but—in "beaten gold."



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A SERIOUS MATTER.

"YOU SEEM TO HAVE QUITE FORSAKEN YOUR BICYCLE, CAPTAIN PELHAM!"

"Y-A-S. FACT IS, IT MADE ME SO CONFUNDINGLY MUSCULAR, I COULDN'T GET INTO A PAIR OF DECENT HUNTING-BOOTS!"

CHELSEA REACH.

THE County Council did not like
This bay, these bends, a useless waste;
An artist's eye perhaps they strike,
They must offend a vestry's taste.

Oh! bother men like KRENE or LEECH,
Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council did not care
For curves which artless Nature made;
They wished no "line of beauty" there,
Such fads as that had never paid.

Oh! hang what HOGARTH used to
teach,
Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council did not wish
To contemplate artistic spots;
Why leave to water and to fish
Such eligible building plots?

Oh! blow the barges on the beach,
Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council could not bear
To let this vast "improvement" wait;
Such crooked banks they must repair,
They longed to make the river straight.
Though artists rave, and scream, and
screach,

Let's do away with Chelsea Reach!

The County Council fancied that
Just settled all about the bay,
Till this Select Committee sat
And settled them the other day.

The Chairman made a little speech,
"You shall not alter Chelsea Reach!"

True Charity.

Amy (meeting *Harry* with a collecting box). Are you collecting contributions for the Jubilee Week Fund?

Harry. No, dear, for the Regeneration and Soda Water Committee the week after.



A REGULAR KNOCKER.

A Study of the latest Society Coiffure.

A BICYCLING BALLADE.

(*A Fair Cyclist celebrates a Triumph.*)

To hunt or ride or drive may be
To some fair sisters passing sweet,
The wheel (at present) is to me,
However tyred, a tireless treat.
Some love shop-windows in the street,
Some golf or tennis live to play,
Some do no more than eat and sleep—
I've done my sixty miles to-day!

We pedalled "o'er the downs so free,"
And heard the merry lambkins bleat,
No thought of mint-sauce marred their
glee—

On, on we pedalled, sure and fleet,
In spite of wind, in spite of heat,
Though long and hilly was the way—
Cyclometers are above deceit—
I've done my sixty miles to-day!

By forest—"lawn" (and, haply, "lea"),
By village, farm, and country-seat
We pedalled on from morn to tea
And—I'm alive to tell thefeat.
This one small triumph is complete,
Beyond all question. Come what may,
"Fate cannot harm me"—I repeat,
I've done my sixty miles to-day!

Envoi.

"Bike"—your forgiveness that I greet
You thus cacophonously I pray—
My record you have helped me beat,
I've done my sixty miles to-day!

ROYAL OPERA - COVENT GARDEN



cient as the Duenna *Martha*. *Valentine*, But he made the audience smile loudly when he died, such a flop did *Valentine* go down! Merry *MANCINELLI* conducting self and orchestra in first-rate style. Chorus a bit wrong at first; all right at last. Big house. Royal Highnesses present in two boxes. Good start.

Tuesday.—House seems to know *Roméo et Juliette* by heart, as it doesn't come in till long after commencement of Opera, and then, suddenly, it is "full up." *M. SCARAMBERG*, as *Romeo*, a bit nervous; quite strong enough, however, to support himself and *Juliet* in the balcony, when both obtained support of audience. *Mme. SAVILLE*, delightful as a *cantatrice*, but as *Juliet* rather of the "reserved force" order. Opera not complete without *Mlle. BAUERMEISTER* as *Gertrude*. *MANCINELLI* turned on for every night in the week up to *Friday*. Stage management of *T. H. FRIEND*, all right. Motto of Italian Opera:—"Friend in need is stage manager indeed."

Wednesday.—Warbling *WAGNER*'s *Tannhäuser*. Poor *EMMA EAMES* "indispoged"; kind *Mlle. PACARY* takes her part. Noble conduct of *Mlle. PACARY*! it is so rare to find one woman taking another's part. *H.R.H. Princess of WALES* and distinguished visitors evidently much touched by *Mlle. PACARY*'s devotion. *VAN DYCK* first rate: his skill in making up evidently inherited from celebrated artistic ancestor. *M. NOTÉ* so full of "go" that he is now known as "*Noté Beany*." *Bowery Lass*, *BAUERMEISTER*, singing the shepherd's song to perfection. *M. JOURNET* very good *cette soirée* as *Landgrave*. Stage management looking up; everybody generally acting on "Friendly" hints. Also gratifying to remember that "Now we sha'n't be long" seems to be the motto for what used to be needlessly protracted *entr'actes*.

Thursday.—*Aida* (which of course is not pronounced by really accomplished linguists "aider") lends her assistance. House

delighted to welcome her, and, in spite of the apology offered for the cold of the lady in the title-*rôle*, declares that lady to come out "Strong," in fact, *SUSAN STRONG*. *Miss SUSAN* maintains the reputation, secured a couple of years ago in the music of the only occasionally Waggish *WAGNER*. Has an excellent helpmate in "the other lady," *Miss MARIE BREMA*, who sings in faultless style and a Babylonian wig. A welcome newcomer in *Signor CEPPI*, who looks a fine figure of a man—not in the least like an effeminate "Cheppy." *PLANCON* of course admirable, and *ANCONA* artistically truculent. Stage management very good. Ballet of small foreigners quaint, but requiring a little extra drill. Otherwise everything excellent. Ladies of the Egyptian chorus dusky to the wrists, and then—as they should be, seeing they are blameless—appearing with white hands. Large and enthusiastic audience. *H.R.H.* the ex-Commander-in-Chief in evidence reviewing the army from a private (not a sentry) box. Seemed to appreciate the powers of manœuvring evidently possessed by (should be) Brevet-General *FRIEND*. Altogether a delightful evening. Stalls smart with pretty gowns and diamonds, and denizens of the gallery wearing spectacles and reading huge scores. Intellect and beauty from floor to ceiling.

Friday.—A huge house for the *Huguenots*. Royalty present and appreciative. *Miss MARIE ENGLE* distinctly engaging as *Marguerite de Valois*. Charming both in voice and appearance. Strong cast, *PLANCON*, *Noté* (worth his weight in gold), and the ever-changeable *Mlle. BAUERMEISTER*. On the present occasion she appears as a maid of honour, radiant with youth and beauty, as a prelude to the assumption of the part of the decrepit *Marthe* ordered for the morrow. *Urbain*, the page, appropriately brazen-faced (in the accomplished hands of *Mme. BRAZZI*), and consequently quite attentive to the lady of the Court. Orchestra and chorus all that could be desired—*M. FLON* in the (conductor's) chair. The programme obligingly communicative. "The Incidental Divertissement" it begins. Then the reader pauses for a moment to consider who would dance the incidental divertissement. Not *M. VAN DYCK*, because he is busy preparing for the morrow's reappearance in *Faust*. Not *Signor ANCONA*, because he is this evening in the front of the house. Then who on earth would it be? Then the reader returns to the programme, and the mystery is solved. "The Incidental Divertissement by the *Corps de Ballet*." Why, of course! Quite natural! How do they think of such clever things? House and performance most satisfactory. Mutual congratulations exchanged from either side of the curtain.

Saturday.—*Faust* and last. Grand repetition of sensational effects. Duel scene goes splendidly until the end, and then comes a heavy drop. In fact a couple of drops, because the curtain falls shortly afterwards. For the rest, the good ship *Opera* starts on a prosperous voyage. So far, no breakers ahead.



AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

LONDON.

DEAR MISTER,—I have said you that Mister X. the deputy showed me the *salle-à-manger* for the strangers who visit the House of the Commons. After to have visited these poor little rooms, he shows to me those who are reserved for the deputies. *C'est une autre paire de manches, partout le confortable anglais*, the english comfortable. But the ladies can not go there. That shall arrive perhaps, after many years, when they can to be elected. *Une députée!* See there a new word. But, *hélas*, the female deputy shall be probably that which you call "a strongly minded woman." *Oh quelle horreur!*

I see also the libraries, very tranquil and very luxuous, and then we retraverse the "Lobby" and the octagon hall, and we arrive to the House of the Lords. With the deputy I can to enter in a species of lodge, *loge*, at side of the door. From there I see a great hall, much of sculpture in wood, a gilded throne and several ranges of benches covered of red. At the middle, on that which the English call a *musulman*—ah no, an ottoman!—a mister is seated. He has the air enough melancholy, planted there at the middle, and forced of to hold himself "bolted upright," as one says in english, from fear of to roll from his seat so incommodious. Himself is enough droll. At first I think that he has the hairs grey, enormously long, and then I perceive that he carries a *perruque* at the ancient mode. What droll of person! He must to be some senator condemned to be punished thus. Some customs, some habitudes, so ancient exist still in England. I have heard to speak of a "stool of repentance" and of a "dunce's cap." I know not that which they are. *Les voilà peut-être.* It is desolating to see a mister so respectable in a situation so deplorable.

On the red benches there is perhaps twenty misters, who repose themselves and speak together at low voice. Without doubt they are fatigued. It is at present 4.40. They have worked perhaps since ten of clock. They are not young. They work as that without any salary. What noble sacrifice for *leur* country! Ah, at present they adjourn! They part, and we also. In the corridor I say to Mister X. that the senators have the air fatigued, that they work much. "Not so much," responds he, "they began to-day at half-past four." "How," I say, "only ten minutes? It was but the time of to put the culpable, *le coupable*, on the stool of repentance." "The what?" demands he. "The poor mister on the ottoman," I respond to him. "That," he cries, *tout ahuri*, "that was the Lord High Chancellor of England!"

Oh ciel! I shall comprehend never the costumes of your country. The *concierge* of your Bank resembles to a Lord Maire, the Chancellor on his ottoman has the air of I know not what of sad and of pathetic.

Then Mister X. conducts me to the gallery of the House of the Commons. We sit ourselves. I perceive that the hall resembles not to the Chamber of Deputies at Paris. Absolutely not of tribune, not of benches in half-circle, not of desks for the deputies. At the middle I perceive a dignified and respectable mister, not on an "ottoman," but on a throne. This time I deceive not myself. I say to Mister X., "It is the Chancellor of the Commons." "No," responds he, "it is the speaker." "Truly," I say, "what droll of idea! That species of throne is then the tribune, and each orator carries a wig and speaks seated?" He explices to me that the "Speaker" speaks not, and that he is in effect the President of the Chamber. Then he indicates to me some ones of the deputies, Sir HARCOURT, Sir BALFOUR, Lord CHAMBERLAIN, Sir BARTLETT, Sir LABOUCHERE, and some others of whom I forget the names. The benches have the air of to be enough incommodious. The deputies are very squeezed, and several, above all Sir BALFOUR, have almost slipped from the seats. In effect this last, for not to fall on the floor, is obliged of to put the foots on a table before him. It would be perhaps possible to prevent the slipping of Sir BALFOUR and of the others, in fixing a strap around of the waist, as for an infant in a "perambulator." I have the honour of to offer this idea to Misters the Deputies.

While that I regard I hear some inarticulate cries, as the "*Tria bien!*" of our Chamber. They become more loud. Then I perceive that the President on the throne has not of bell, as the ours. And in effect that values better. At Paris, more the President rings, more the deputies cry. *C'est un vacarme effroyable!*

But at the fine I see the thing the most curious. Before me, at the other end of the hall, there is a large *grille*, not that which you call "a silver grill," for she has the air of to be gilded. For sure it is a species of ventilator. *C'est énorme.* The English are enraged of hygiene and of currents of air, and therefore they



MR. PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE POETS.

"SO CAREFUL OF THE TYPE, SHE SEEKS."—Tennyson.

have fixed in their Chamber of Deputies the most great ventilator of the world. By consequence some ones of the deputies are forced to carry their hats. But I perceive not a current of air. In effect the air is not good. It is not the suffocating and poisoned atmosphere of the Casino of Monte Carlo, it is rather the closed air of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

In quitting the Palace, and in thanking Mister X. of his charming courtesy, I speak to him of the great ventilator. "Not a ventilator," responds he, "it is the Ladies' Gallery. They are hidden behind the bars." *Sapristi! Ma foi, c'est incroyable!* To shut the charming english misses behind a grille, as some wild beasts. *C'est étonnant!* Voilà a gallery for the "strongly minded womans," the *députées* of the future. One would hide them very voluntarily, *très-volontiers*. But the adorable misses! *Oh la, la! Tiens, tiens, tiens!* *Ah par exemple, voilà qui passe les bornes!* Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

TACKLING THE TRAFFIC.

FIRST METHOD. IN PARIS.

SCENE—A crowded thoroughfare. All sorts of Vehicles hard at work. Foot passengers, riders, and drivers jumbled together.

Guardian of the Peace (drawing his truncheon). In the name of the law arrest your movements!

Cabman (paying no attention). I am off to the station.

Omnibus Man. Can't stop—only wait at the ticket offices.

Guardian of the Peace. In the name of the law stop! I command you!

Tradesman's Cartman (laughing). Nonsense! Don't be absurd!

Guardian of the Peace (drawing his sword). I will be obeyed! I denounce you! I insist upon your staying your progress!

Everyone. Rubbish!

Guardian of the Peace. Unless you submit I summon the military! In the name of the law, and for the last time, I order you to desist!

[*The Traffic is gradually regulated.*]

SECOND METHOD. IN LONDON.

SCENE—As before, and characters as before, subject to English adaptation.

Policeman (raising his hand). Hold hard!

[*The Traffic is immediately regulated.*]



WITHERING.

'Arry. "I s'y—DOES ONE TIP THE WITERS 'ERE?"
Alphonse. "NOT ONLESS YOU ARE REECHER ZAN ZE VAITER, SARE!"

A MORAL FROM MARPMANN.

(*To Spleenetic Pens dipped in Septic Ink.*)

[Dr. MARPMANN, of Leipzig, has recently published the results of the microscopical examination of sixty-seven samples of ink used in schools. Most of them were made with gall-nuts, and contained suprophytes, bacteria, and micrococci.

Lancet.]

O PEN! than sword more mighty—
 Or so your wielders think—
 Be not too houghty-toughty!
 To impotence you'd shrink,
 Futile as foolish-frightly,
 But for the aid of Ink!
 Those sixty-seven samples
 Instruction may impart,

And also set examples
 To dogmatist too tart,
 The critic boar who tramples
 On other people's Art.

The gall they make the basis
 Of everything they write.
 Nature hath but one phasis,
 And Art one only light;
 All else sheer cranky craze is,
 They sputter in their spite.

Bacteria pathogenic
 Commingle with their gall.
 The simple or the scenic
 Sets them at once a-squall;
 The subtle-stygian-splenic
 With such is all in all.

They septicemic scatter,
 Ill-temper's virus spread.
 Their ill-conditioned clatter
 Dazes the public head.
 They blare, and bawl, and batter,
 They deem their foes are dead.

They micrococci mingle
 With every spleenful phrase.
 Whether in prose or jingle,
 They must denounce, dispraise;
 Till honest ears will tingle
 To hear their blatant brays.

Their "nigrosin bacillus"
 (So fatal to poor mice),
 Though worrying, scarce will kill us,
 But, oh! it is not nice,
 And with disgust must fill us.
 Smelfungus, take advice!

Ink-spilling hath its virtue;
 There's power in the pen;
 But scribes whose aim's to hurt you
 (We meet such now and then),
 With septic gall to squirt you,
 Are microbes more than men!

PUBLIC THEATRICALS.

HERE is a proposal for a Diamond Jubilee Revival of *The School for Scandal* at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's, Westminster, with the following (fore)cast:—

Sir Peter Teazle	Lord S-L-BURRY.
Sir Oliver Surface	Duke of D-v-NSH-RE.
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. J-HN-B-RNS.
Sir Harry Bumper	Mr. W-LFR-D L-WS-N. (with song)
Sir Toby	Mr. G-SCH-N.
Joseph Surface	Mr. L-B-CH-RE.
Charles Surface	Mr. W-LL-M H-EC-RT.
Crabtree	Mr. DR-GE.
Carless	Mr. H-NRY CH-PL-N.
Rowley	Mr. ARTH-R B-LF-R.
Moses	Mr. S-M-R M-NT-GU.
Snake	Lord K-MR-RL-Y.
Trip	Mr. G-ROE C-RZ-N.
Lady Teazle	Mr. CH-MR-RL-N.
Lady Sneerwell	Mr. T. G. B-WL-S.
Mrs. Candour	Colonel S-ND-BS-N.
Maria	Mr. E. ASHM-D-B-RTL-TT.

The entertainment will be produced under the immediate patronage of the South Africa Committee, and the whole of the proceeds devoted to the relief of the Eastern Question. Copies of the Playbill obtainable from the CH-NO-LL-R of THE EXCH-Q-R, who has kindly undertaken to direct the entire stage management. "Gags" will be seen and approved by the L-RD CH-NC-LL-R and the SP-Q-R. Dr. T-NN-R and the Free List entirely suspended.

"Hoist with his own Petard."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am exceedingly pleased to note that President KRUGER is importing German war material into the Transvaal, because the quality of those manufactures has been ascertained, weighed and gauged for some time past. But I sincerely trust that the excellent grandfather of Lieutenant EYLOFF has not, as is reported, succeeded in ordering rifles and revolvers from Birmingham, for this commission would cast a shell into the country of President CHAMBERLAIN. The only retort possible would be for the Colonial Secretary to ask for the purchase of the Teutonic fireworks in order to be used on Queen's Day. Believing them to be guaranteed harmless,

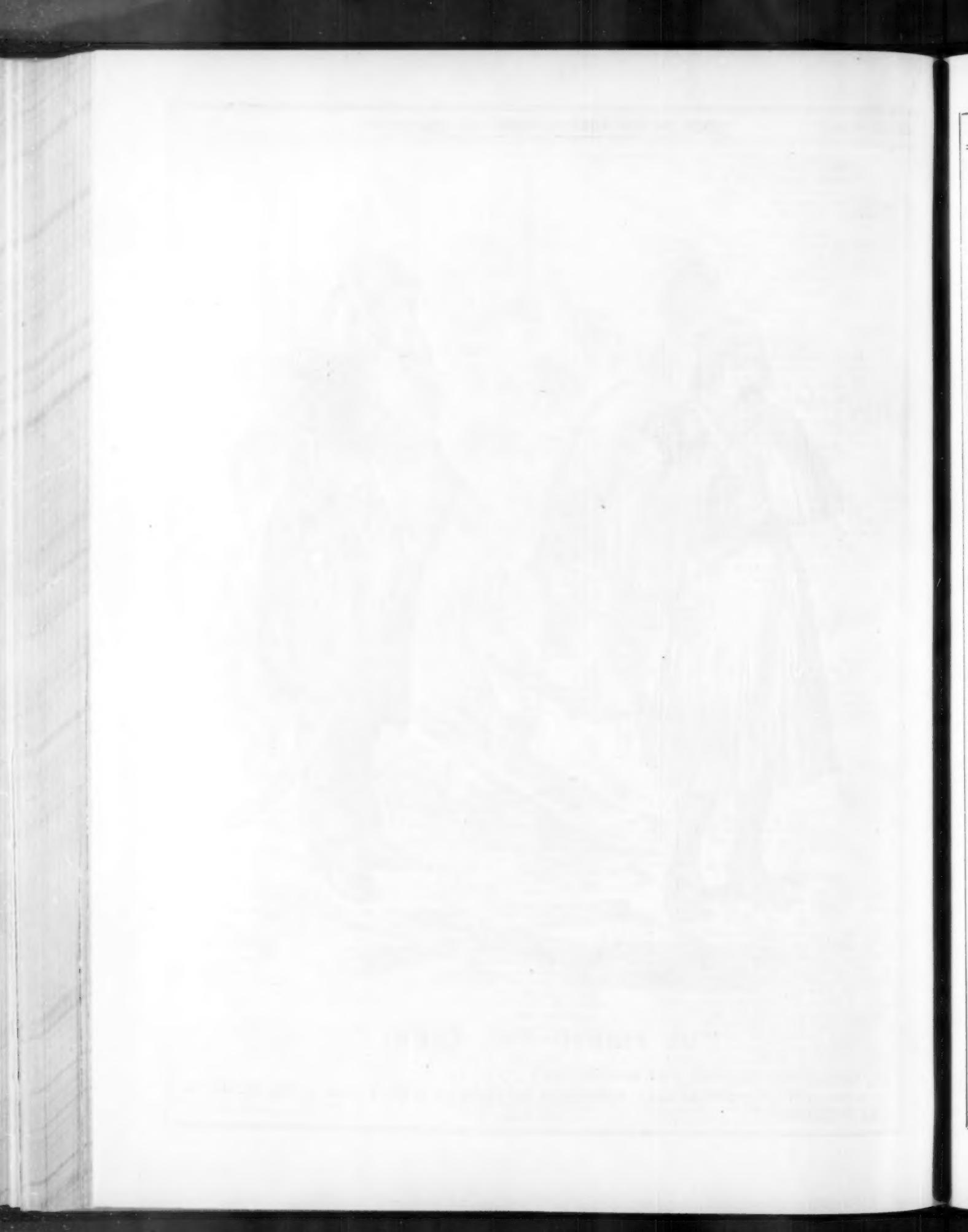
I am, yours patriotically,
 EBENEZER CHALKER.



“MY FRIEND—THE ENEMY!”

GREECE (*acknowledging defeat*). “**MY MISTAKE, SIR.**”

JUBILANT SULTAN. “**NOT AT ALL! EXTREMELY INDEBTED TO YOU! YOU’VE QUITE SET ME ON MY LEGS AGAIN!**”





"OW MUCH DO YOU CHARGE FOR PULLING OUT A TOOTH, YOUNG MAN?" "ONE SHILLING,—AND FIVE SHILLINGS WITH GAS."

"FIVE SHILLINGS WITH G'S! THEN I'LL COME AGAIN TO-MORROW, WHEN IT'S DAYLIGHT!"

THE LADY CRICKETER.

(Directions for attaining Perfection.)

Get up a match by saying to some local subaltern that it would be such fun to have a game, and you know a girl who could give points to GRACE.

Agree with the youthful warrior that the fun would be increased by allowing the men to play with broom-sticks, and left-handed, and the girls, of course, with bats, and unrestricted.

Arrange your eleven in such a fashion that you come out as captain in the most picturesque costume.

Be careful to "kill" your colleagues' appearance by an artful combination of discordant hues.

Carry out the above scheme with the assistance of a joint committee consisting of two, yourself, and the local subaltern.

Arrange, at the last moment, that the men shall only send out six of their team to field.

Manage to put yourself in first, and play with confidence the initial ball.

Amidst the applause of the six fielders you will be clean bowled.

Retire gracefully, and devote the rest of the afternoon to tea and mild flirtation with the five men who have been weeded out.

THINGS NOT TO BE SAID.

(Compiled from a popular Book of Etiquette.)

To a Wearer of the Victoria Cross.—I am sure you must have done something brave or they would never have given it.

To an Eminent Q.C.—I am certain you will dissuade my boy from going to the Bar, for you know that it never leads to a really satisfactory income.

To a Distinguished General (Royal Engineers).—How nice to have risen so quickly and so well. But I always thought sappers only built offices and surveyed roads.

To Mr. Gl-dst-ne.—I really must take away your post-cards, and forbid you to speak about Greece.

To the G-r-m-n Emp-r-r.—No doubt plenty to say for yourself, but hope you won't think it rude if I hint that I would like to listen to someone else.

And lastly, to Mr. P-nch (most important of all).—Such a clever anecdote about my little boy! He is only four! I will tell you the story, and you can put it in your paper to-morrow.

TRUE GENIUS.

(A slightly Anticipatory Interview.)

FEELING sure that some account of the life of Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, the well-known non-writer, could not fail to interest the public, I called upon that gentleman a few days ago in his delightful London house.

It is, as I need hardly remind the reader, Mr. Brown's proud distinction that throughout the sixty years of his well-spent life he not only has never written a book, but has not even contributed a single article to any magazine. Among the exceedingly few non-writers of the present day, there is no name more consistently absent from the publishers' lists than his, and it is gratifying to know that his success in this direction has gained for him the grateful recognition of the public.

"Yes," he said, after our preliminary greetings had been exchanged, "I may say, without boasting, that my position has only been gained after many years of patient struggle. Never can I forget what I owe to the early discouragement given me by my dear father. On one occasion he heard me explaining to a friend the plot of a story which"—and the recollection made Mr. Brown blush—"I fully intended to write. His forcible entreaties that I should not do so—he used a hunting-crop, I remember—brought tears to my eyes, and I promised him solemnly never to scribble even an article for an Encyclopaedia. That promise," he added proudly, "I have never broken."

"But the temptation to do so must have been awful at times?" I asked.

"Terrible," he replied; "and even now it has not altogether left me. My worst dream is that I have actually given way, and I fancy in my sleep that I see two large volumes on a table, with *The Recollections of William Brown* in gilt letters on the back. And how often, half unconsciously, have I found myself seated at the table, the pen already in my hand, just about to begin a Scotch novel or an article on 'the Present Want of Manners' for the *Nineteenth Century*! But—not without a fierce struggle—I have invariably overcome the unmanly weakness."

"And, if the question is not an impertinent one, may I ask whether non-writing is a lucrative profession?" I inquired.

"Certainly not," he answered, "if one takes into account the years of preliminary struggle that are requisite for success in it. Of course I have not been entirely without any reward. That plate," he pointed to the magnificent service on a sideboard, "was presented to me by a dozen leading editors in consideration of the fact that I had never sent them MS. A well-known publisher, who had been misled into thinking that my years of silence were due to the fact that I was preparing a History of Mankind in fourteen volumes, which would ultimately be sent to him, was so gratified on learning the truth, that he rewarded me with the freehold of this house. Best of all, of course, is the knowledge that the public regard me as their truest friend, since to me alone can they always look for consistent silence. How many letters of thanks have I received for the books which I have not written!"

"And what, may I ask, in conclusion, is your advice to the aspiring non-writer?"

"He cannot begin too young," said Mr. Brown, earnestly. "It might be well wholly to neglect his education, but this well-meant step has proved to increase the number of writers rather than to lessen it. Of course every assistance must be given to the young non-writer; the illustrated papers with their insidious panegyrics of authors and advertisements of their works must be kept out of his way. Every effort should be made to make him swallow the old Grub Street legend. Any kind of indulgence is worse than useless. He may promise never to go beyond a paragraph, but having once tasted ink, he will go on the steady downward path—he will write leaderettes, which will become leaders, then magazine articles, and so will find himself the author of a novel or a biography before he realises that he has begun to write. Therefore parents should be very firm—much may be done by cruelty. And after all, how great will be the distinction of their children if they go through youth and age without adding by a single line to the Pest of Print which afflicts our unhappy country!"

Perhaps an Unconscious Speaker of the Truth.

The Vicar (to Coastguardsman). Ah, good evening, Hooker! I understand that you've been to the Levant in the course of your career. Now, what's your opinion about the difference between the Greeks and the Turks?

Hooker. Lor' bless ye, Sir, there ain't no difference. Take my word for it, Sir, it's six o' one and half a dozen o' t'other; and a precious good job 'twill be when the whole twelve is wiped out!



FLAG WAGGING.

Sergeant of Signallers. "WHAT AILS MURPHY TO-DAY? HE DON'T SEEM ABLE TO TAKE IN A THING!"
Private Mulvaney. "SHALL I SIGNAL TO 'IM, 'WILL YE 'AVE A DRINK'?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Betrothed Cavalier replies to his Inamorata, who has addressed certain reproaches to him.

Am I to blame because you chose
 To wear a robe of doubtful blue,
 Amid a crowd of cruel foes,
 Who'd dresses donned of brighter hue?
 I quite allow I said that tint
 Would other colours put to shame—
 You didn't quite take up my hint—
 Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame because your friend,
 The Captain with the vacant laugh,
 Those theatre tickets didn't send,
 Nor made amends by telegraph?
 I must admit I said the piece
 Was weary, wicked, bad, and lame,
 Not one to which I'd take my niece—
 Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame by reason that
 You cut Lord Towzer in the Row?
 He was about to raise his hat;
 You didn't bow to him, I know.

Am I, when walking by your side,
 To note each personage of fame,
 A sort of Piccadilly guide?—
 Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame because you try
 To prate of politics, as though
 You had your Ministerial eye
 Upon an Opposition blow?
 Whereas—and here again I err—
 You're just a pretty Primrose Dame.
 If to your logic I demur,
 Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

Am I to blame because I know
 Your foibles I may not deride;
 Like thorns that will by roses grow,
 They point the fragrant bloom beside.
 So, if my love for you is sure,
 And proof against all other flame,
 To burn for ever and endure—
 Am I to blame? Am I to blame?

ALL THAT THE GREEKS HAVE CONSTANTLY
 BEATEN DURING THE WAR.—A retreat.

A (DOUGLAS) STRAIGHT TIP.

THE Montagu Williams Clothing Fund "In need of aid? In a voice rotund (To reach all round), *Punch* makes appeal To all who remember, and all who feel. All who remember a model "Beak," All who to aid the suffering seek, *WILLIAMS* to honour, the poor to cheer, Should send a cheque in this Jubilee Year To *HADEN CORSE*; whilst *Douglas STRAIGHT*

Of left-off clothes will direct the fate. Here's a chance for a generous chap! *Punch* recommends it. *Verbum sap!*

••• Subscriptions may be sent by cheques payable to "HADEN CORSE, Esq., or order," and crossed "Account Montagu Williams Clothing Fund," and addressed "The Magistrate, Police-Court, Worship Street, E.C.," whilst articles of clothing can be forwarded to the depot built by Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, at 20, Albion Road, Dalston, N.E.

A Manns a Manns for a' that he's done!

THERE is an ardent, talented, silver-haired Master of Music, who for many years has been in command of the vocal and instrumental forces at the Crystal Palace. He is just about to gather round him the three or four thousand performers, who every three years do, under the bâton of Field-Marshal *MANN*, gallant tribute to the melody and grandeur of the immortal *HANDEL*. When knighthoods are being bestowed, it will be well to remember that if ever man deserved a "handle to his name," it is this Handelian *MANN*.

Muzzle and Gag.

THE thought of tyrants two the anger stirs
 Of a dog-lover, or Superior Person;
 The chap who'd clap a muzzle on our curs,
 The other who would muzzle our own
 CURZON.
 The tyke-tormentor's bad enough, but
 how
 Punish the churl who'd gag the Big Bow-
 Wow?

POP FOR THE POPULATION!—According to a recent calculation, there is a sufficient supply of champagne this year to give to everybody, that is, to our thirty-eight or forty millions, three-quarters of a bottle to every individual, man, woman, and child. And after this, there will be fifty-six million bottles (full, barring ullage) left in stock for all Europe: that is, just about four bottles a-piece to go on with. What a chance for a few millionaires to club together at Jubilee time, and stand champagne all round the British Isles!

One Way or Looking at it.

Young Larkspur (cheerfully, at the Club, to Mr. MANTYS-KAKONE). Well, there'll be plenty of jollification during the Season. Heaps of money spent over the Jubilee this year!

Mr. Mantys-Kakone (gloomily). Probably. But think of the workhouses and the rates next year, young man!

A SEA SIMILE.—According to Mr. BATEY's evidence before the Life Boat Inquiry Commission, the "self-righting" boat is not unlike those "unco' guid" or "self-righteous" persons, who are "a most dangerous type," easily upset, and "not to be depended upon to right themselves."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 10.—Since the Session opened the lot of JOHN o' GORST has not been entirely a happy one. But it is a little too much that in a moderately full House, in the presence of an acquiescing SPEAKER, he should be hailed by the son of the PRIME MINISTER as the very D— himself. Of course HUGH CECIL couldn't fill in the letters and pronounce the word as spelt in the New Oxford Dictionary. What he did was to drop—or rather to soar—into poetry.

The regrettable incident happened in Committee on Necessitous School Boards Bill. CRANBORNE wanted to put fresh spoke in wheels of School Boards. JOHN o' GORST said the Committee of the Privy Council could not sanction the new Clause presented with that intent. Then up gat the gaunt figure of brother HUGH. Wringing his hands with passionate energy, turning flaming eyes on the placid figure seated solitary on Treasury Bench, HUGH apostrophised him as "Lucifer, son of the morning," and lamented his abyssmal fall.

Of course everyone remembers Lucifer in what is probably the earliest article of the now familiar series, "Celebrities at Home." DANTE visiting him *chez lui* describes the host as a three-faced giant. One face, he adds, is yellow, a hue assumed when envy fills his breast. Red he flames when wrathful, black when melancholy. "At six eyes he wept," whereas the visitor could do it only with two; at "every mouth he champed a sinner."



Comparing Sir J. Gorst to "Lucifer, Son of the Morning"!

Lord H-gh C-c-l.

Now, is that what Lord HUGH CECIL meant, or had he in his mind some milder vision more applicable to the repository of the confidences, the reflector of the dignity, of the Privy Council? At best the remark seems unparliamentary. That it should have escaped rebuke at the hands of an exceedingly watchful SPEAKER only adds to the regrettableness of the incident. JOHN o' GORST took no notice at the moment. A little later he lived at least halfway up to the picture, with one mouth champing three sinners—CRANBORNE, brother HUGH, and J. G. TALBOT, who, with most melancholy mien, supported the new Clause.

Business done.—Necessitous Board School Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—RASCH, with characteristic boldness, attempted to make a House after morning sitting. Positively succeeded, and after brief debate, induced House to pass resolution affirming that "The duration of speeches in this House has increased, is increasing, and ought to be abated." CALDWELL, who has strong views on the subject, wanted to second resolution. But RADCLIFFE COOKE had already volunteered. House regretted lost opportunity of hearing CALDWELL; rewarded by delightful incident in connection with RADCLIFFE COOKE's speech. So righteously eager for brevity was he that he went on and on till Members at length could stand no more. Angry shouts of "Divide! divide!" cooked RADCLIFFE's goose, or, to drop metaphor, shut him up.

Nearly everyone on RASCH's side. R. G. WEBSTER specially convincing. On divi-

PRACTISING THE NEW "ONE-LEG" SYSTEM FOR ENSURING BREVITY IN SPEECHES! (See *Essence*.)

[We understand that Major RASCH, after the above experiment in a secluded corridor of the House, expressed his entire approval.]

tion, 86 voted for short speeches, 24 for long ones.

Debate interesting, but offered no practical solution of the question. H. M. STANLEY tells me of experience he had in Central Africa which he forgot to mention in any of his books. He came

upon a tribe whose affairs of State were administered by a council meeting once a week. Some of the members developed inconvenient tendency to making long speeches. Efforts made to check it by the flinging of friendly assegais gave only temporary relief. The orator, thus inter-

rupted, never spoke again, but somebody else took up the story, and the number of the tribe steadily decreased.

An old Brave having passed a restless night thinking over the difficulty, had a happy idea that was instantly adopted. At the time of STANLEY's visit it was the cus-



"SHTOP! SHTOP! I AM UNLEVEL! I COME FOR SURE DOWN!"

tom for any member addressing the council to stand on one leg. When, through fatigue, he touched the ground, even with the toe of his other foot, his speech was peremptorily ended. The plan has the further advantage that even in the case of peculiarly gifted men, able by practice to stand a long time on one foot, a gentle nudge will upset their equilibrium, and bring their speech to a conclusion. Next time reform of Parliamentary procedure is discussed in the Commons it might be worth while to consider this device of the simple African.

Business done.—A good deal at the morning sitting.

Thursday.—Will back DON JOSEPH from House of Commons from whatever depth of depression. To-night, up to ten o'clock, debate fluttered round proposal to read second time Bill prohibiting importation of foreign prison-made goods. The level flow of talk varied by vigorous denunciation of Bill by DALZIEL; far away the best speech he has made since he came from Kirkcaldy. House nearly empty when DON JOSEPH rose. With that curious instinct which draws Members when sport is to the fore, the benches swiftly, silently filled, till, before he had talked fifteen minutes, scene was changed to one of seething excitement, cheers and counter-cheers ringing across the floor.

It is the old story of circumstances altering DON JOSEPH'S case. "An admirable exhibition of political agility," BRYCE described the speech, he himself happily inspired with unprofessional vigour. As for HONEST JOHN, he sat on the front bench, watching his old friend and colleague with half-amused smile, his eyes twinkling at the enthusiastic cheers with which the Tories applauded their old foeman.

"What were you thinking about?" I asked him as we went out to the division lobby.

"I was thinking," said HONEST JOHN, "how true it is that the poet is a seer. PRAED has been dead these sixty years. But there are some lines of his about JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE which, with the alteration of a proper name, might have been written this morning. They often come to my mind when I sit here and listen to my friend and companion dear of 1880-5.

"We were patriots together! Oh, placeman and peer

Are the patrons who smile on your labours to-day;

And Lords of the Treasury lustily cheer

Whatever you do and whatever you say.

Go, pocket, my JOSEPH, as much as you will,

The times are quite altered, we very well know:

But will you not, will you not, talk to us still,

As you talked to us once, long ago, long ago?"

Business done.—Prison-made Goods Bill read second time by 221 votes against 90.

Friday.—DARLING, Q.C., nearest approach to the Fat Boy present Parliament produces, going about making our flesh creep with stories of Apparitions. Heard a good deal at time of General Election about One Man One Vote. Now we have detailed accounts of One Member Two Bodies. The scare began with M'DERMOTT, who makes oaths and saith, that on an hour and a day when TAY PAY in the flesh (such of it as there is) was in Athlone, he (the deponent) coming in after dinner, saw and spoke to the hon. Member in the House of Commons.

That of itself is not extraordinary. There is a well-authenticated case, celebrated in familiar verse, where a great statesman, seated one evening about the same hour on the Treasury Bench, saw two Speakers in the Chair. The serious part of the business lies in the fearsome opening up of possibilities. If some Members of present House are to enjoy a dual existence, when absent with their constituents are to be present in the House, life at Westminster will not be worth living.

The influence of the epidemic is shown in the case of DARLING, Q.C., alluded to. He tells me that at ten minutes to seven to-night he saw the Member for Sark standing behind the SPEAKER'S chair paring his nails.

"As you are paring," I said to him in my genial way (this an extract from DARLING, Q.C.'s deposition), "will you pair with me for the dinner hour?" "The hon. Member," deponent further depo-
neth, "started, looked me straight in the eyes, and went on cutting his nails, just as CHARLOTTE, when WERTHER first saw her, went on cutting bread and butter."

DARLING, Q.C., we all know as a man of high probity, serious mind, profound legal erudition, long familiarity with the laws of evidence.

Yet I have the very best reason to know that the Member for Sark has not been in the House of Commons to-night.

Business done.—Appointment announced of new Commission to inquire into operation of Irish Land Commission. "Piling Pelion upon Ossa," says TIM HEALY, bitterly.

THE PUZZLE PICTURE CURSE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Will you strenuously exert your unbounded influence against the spread of the terrible plague known as the Puzzle Picture Disease? The Acroitic Fever was bad enough at its height, but the present malevolent malady is assuredly assuming deadly proportions, which will drive many unassuming citizens, such as myself, into those Asylums usually associated with permanent or temporary aberrations of wit. I cannot take my walk at home or abroad without some dame or damsel, some adult or youth, producing from her or his pocket a sheet of printed paper covered with strange devices, and inquiring whether I would kindly state what well-known personage a lucifer match in a donkey's mouth, or a balloon sailing on the sea, or some equally idiotic delineation represents? Hating mysteries, pictorial or otherwise, I generally return evasive answers, and the consequence is, that I have broken off my approaching marriage (because I could not inform my intended bride what the Mephistophelean delineator meant by a hippopotamus waltzing with a ballet dancer). I have also been wiped out of the will of my rich uncle (by reason that I differed with him as to the signification of a locomotive apparently running a race with a giraffe); and I have quarrelled with my old chum, HARRY HOGGINSON, in that, quite in chaff, I gave him the correct definition of a cut showing a boa constrictor consuming a cathedral, which solution he did not use. I therefore beg to announce that in future I shall be deaf to all inquiries so far as ladies are concerned, and that if any one of my own sex torment me, I shall give him an illustration of your Noble Self, a Hostelry and an Optic, right or left as opportunity may allow.

Yours morbidly, but pugnistically,

DIONYTIUS DRIPPING.

Reading Room, British Museum, W.C.

The Latest Expression at Eton.

Deadly Foe (shouting to enemy who is vanishing down Keates Lane). Hi! What are you Greeking for? Take a licking, and I sha'n't Turk you any more!

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THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT
WATER.

Of all Chemists and Mineral
Water Dealers.

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